A STORY OF TWO BITS.

Captain C. A. Curtis, U. S. A., in St. Nicholas

I MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE. I was acting-quartermaster of a command composed of two companies, which garrisoned a long fort near Prescott, Arizona, during the years 1864 and 1865. The fort was an inclosure of some three hundred feet square, built of thick pine logs, set up vertically in the ground, with regular blockhouse bastions, of the colonial period, at diagonal corners; and it had huge gates of hewn timber that swung ponderously on huge iron hinges. The fort stood on a slight elevation overlooking the post corral, a structure built of the same material and in the same general manner as the fort, but inclosing a much larger space. In this corral were gathered nightly the horses of the cavalry troop, the horses and mules of the quartermaster, and the 300 head of cattle and 1,000 sheep of the commissary.

The presence of these animals grazing through the days on the hill-sides and plains about our reservation was a special and alluring temptation to the marauding Apaches and Navajos, and frequent chases and skirmishes were necessary to protect our

The garrison consisted of one company of regular infantry and one troop of New Mexican volunteer cavalry. The men comosing the troop were, with a few exceptions, Mexicons, speaking the Spanish language, and using tactics translated into that tongue.

The troop had arrived in January, after a long and fatiguing march of 700 miles, and two days after their arrival their captain had turned over to me sixteen broken down, sick and generally decrepit horses. Accord-to custom in such cases, I receipted for them, and in due time ordered them sold at public auction to the highest bidder.

On the morning of the day appointed for the sale to take place, the fifer of the infantry company, a neat Irish soldier, known among his comrades as Joe Cain, who acted as my attendant and a general guardian of my be-longings, paused in the doorway, and, raising his right hand to his cap-visor, asked if he "could spake t' the liftment?" As I nodded, he asked: "Would the liftment like to buy a fine

horse?"
"No, Cain, I have no use for two horses an I can not afford the expense of another." But you can buy this one for little or

"How much?"
"If the liftinent will let me have five dollars, I'll buy him the bist horse in the post."
"The best horse in the post for five dollars!
What kind of nonsense are you talking, Cain?" and I turned to some papers on the table which demanded my signature. But Cain lingered to the doorway at a respectful "attention," and when I signed the last paper his hand went up again to his visor and re-mained there until I said;

"Well, what more have you to say!"
"If the liftment will buy the borse I spake
of, he will never report of his bargain. I've
known the baste for tin years, sor -from the
time I jined as a music b'y at Fort Craig. "He must be an exceedingly old horse,

"He must be an exceedingly old horse, then," I said.
"Nobody knows his age, sor; he's a viteran; but he's a fine horse all the same, sor."
"But I do not need another horse for my duties. Cam, as I told you just now; and I should have to buy his hay and grain, and that is an expense I do not care to be put to, with no prospect for a profitable return."
"There need be no expense, sor. There is a sorpius of forage in the corral, and the for-

a sorplus of forage in the corral, and the for-agemaster'll let me have all I'm wantin' if the liftment will jist give him the laste bit of More to please a valued and trustworthy

attendent than with any hope of securing a good horse, I gave Cain the desired five dollars. I learned in further conversation, that the wonderful steed he proposed to buy for me was one of the lot to be sold at auction. I did not attend the sale of the sixteen horses. I simply noticed that the government money account had increased seventy-five dollars by the auction, showing plainly enough that the value of the whole number was a little less than five dollars each. A whole month had passed, and I had entirely forgotten that I had given Cain five dollars for the purchase of a horse, when one day, as I again sat writing in my room, I heard the rapid clatter of hoofs approaching, and presently noticed that a horse had stopped outside. I stepped to the door and found Joe Cain awaiting my arrival, holding by the Joe Cain awaiting my arrival, holding by the halter strap a fine, large bay horse, in good flesh, as smooth as satin, and bright-eyen as a colt. "Will the liftinent plaze come out and inspict his horse?" said Cain; and then he led him out on exhibition. I was pleased to find that the horse, while in no wise ramarkable, showed many good points. In fact, the annimal was a great surprise to me. the annimal was a great surprise to me. sat down on a log that had been rejected in the building of the fort, and looked long at the metamorphosed creature before I spoke.

"So that is the horse you bought for five dollars, is it, Cain!" I began.
"Four dollars and forty cints, sor. I bought the halter with the sixty cints that "But I don't see how such a horse can be had for that money. And this is really one of those miserable hacks we sold at auc-

'Not a bit else, sor," said the delighted Cain, his face in a glow from the pleasure he was deriving from my wenderment and evident approval of the result of his venture,

"Has he a name," I usked.
"Two-Bits,' sor." "Two-Bits'-twenty-five cents!-how did

he get that name, Cain!"
"He won it at Fort Craig, sor, in a race in

In answer to other questions and after some irrelevant talk, Cain, having tied the horse to a tree, walked slowly backward and forward before me and proceeded to give the history of the horse so far as he knew it, and his reasons for asking me to make the purchase. When he went into the corrat one day he said he saw one of the stable men kicking and beat-ing an old steed to make him rise to his fect. The animal made repeated efforts to stand, but each time fell back through weakness. Cain approached, and by certain saddle marks and a peculiar star in the forehead, recognized an old acquaintance. He even insisted that the old horse knew him. From insisted that the old horse knew him. From some knowledge of horses, picked up in a stable during a wandering life before he enlisted, the soldier perceived, after a careful examination, that the horse was not perma nently disabled, but simply suffering from ill-treatment and neglect. He began his care of the beast at once, and as soon as the auction was ordered he determined to ask me to buy him.

first knowledge Cain had of Two-Bits was that the horse belonged to the Mounted Rifles and was with them at Fort Craig in New Mexico, in 1859. On the 4th of July of New Mexico, in 1859. On the 4th of July of that year, the officers of the fort and the civilians of the neighboring ranches got up a horse race by way of celebrating the day. The races were to be, one for American horses over an 800 yards straightaway course, and one for broncos, over a course of 300 yards. On the day before the race the first sergeant of the rifles waited upon a licutenant of the regiment and requested him to enter a "company horse"—one which had been assigned as a mount to one of their number. The request was granted. of their number. The request was granted.
All the horses were to be ridden by soldiers.
At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th the borses were assembled at the course to the west of the fort, Two Bits being present and mounted by the boy fier, Joe Cain, of the infantry. The officers walked around the "company horse" with considerable

the "company horse" with considerable curiosity, commenting on his appearance, and wondering how, if he possessed any merits, he had escaped their notice up to this time. Captain Tilford seemed to express the general sentiment of the officers, at the conclusion of the inspection, when he said, "I would not give two bits for that horse's chance of winning the prize."

The race came off, and the carefully ground and gayly caparisoned horses of the officers and civilians, and the plainly equipped favorite of the soldiers burst down the track inline, to arrays scattered and blown at the

inline, to arrays scattered and blown at the goal, with the despised "company horse" some three lengths ahead. And from that day the victor was known as "Two-Bits."

With the breaking out of the civil war all

with the breaking out of the civil war all be would win.

On the day of the race I sat, by no means wiped out of existence the two dragoon regiments and the rifle regiment, the latter being rechristened the Third cavalry, and ordered from New Mexico to the east, for service in the field. Their horses were left behind, being turned over to the New Mexico volunteer cavalry. Two-Bits was assigned to the troop which was then a part of the garrison

of Fort Whipple. In the march from the valley of the Rio Grande to the valley of the Rio Golorade he had succumbed to Mexican neglect and abuse, and fallen a victim to hard usage. And so, by a mere chance, the meeting took place—between the voteran steed and his toriner jockey of the Fort Craig race. Cain had recognized his old friend of five years before, and knowing that he would not be allowed to own a horse, he did the next best thing—made me his cwner, which gave him the care of the animal, and frequent opportunities to take him out for an airing. From this time on, I had many long rides on Two-Bits, in the way of tiresome pursuit of the Indians, who never neglected to take advantage of the unprotected state of the territory. I became very much attached to the horse and even took pains to win a place in his affections, often being much surprised at his wonderful intelligence and almost numan discerament. He would never desert his rider in a place of danger, no matter what the temptation. Three or four times when taking him out for exercise, Cain had dismounted for some purpose and Two-Bits had immediately kicked up his beels like a colt and trotted back to his stall in the corral.* But once at a good distance from the post or train, or in a situation of danger, and he would stay by his rider when free to go. This statement may appear doubtful to many, but every man who was stationed at Fort. Whipple during the time that Two-Bits occupied a stall there, believed more than I have stated. Two instances, which I will relate, so impressed me that I can have but one opinion of this noble old horse. Once, when I had ridden down the valley of the Rio Verde, some thirty miles from the fort on a soliatary fishing excursion, I strolled along its banks for several hours, standing by pools and handling a rod, while a carbine rested in my left cloow and two revolvers hung at my waist. I looked over my shoulder more frequently for In-

From this time on, I had many long rides

while a carbine rested in my left clow and two revolvers hung at my walst. I looked over my shoulder more frequently for In-dians than the fish favored me with bites. Suddenly Iwo-Bits who had been grazing close by, unpicketed, came trotting down to me in considerable excitement. Without

stopping to inquire the cause I dropped fish-ing-tackle and basket, mounted and rode to an eminence, from which I saw on the oppo-site side of the stream half a mile away, a party of mounted Apaches who had not been

visible from my fishing place because of a fringe of willows. As soon as they discovered me they whooped and gave chase; but the long legs of Two-Bits made nothing of running away from theu, and I was soon far

beyond their reach.
The second incident occurred when I was

stock from a neighboring ranche, we found one of our men unable to sit in his saudle

from wounds. We removed the saddle from

his horse and bound him at length along the back, and did our best to make him as comfortable as possible. He rode along quietly for some time, and then asked to be put on Twe-Bits. After this, the horse was a

greater favorite than ever with the men. Not one of our party could have been made to believe that Two-Bits did not understand

to believe that Two-Bits did not understand
the necessity of treading gently with his
sensitive burden; and I must admit that
when our road lay down some bowlerstrewh declivity, the horse seemed careful to
select the places for his feet, and certainly
was tediously slow. I confess I am of the
opinion of the men; I believe the horse fully
understood the condition of his charge, and
the presently of going allowly and gently in

the necessity of going slowly and gently in rough places. The man reached the post hospital in safety, and recovered; and from the day of his recovery Two-Bits had another devoted friend and guarnian.

As the Fourth of July 1865, approached, in the dearth of other material and the abund-ance of horses, the citizens of Prescott de-

termined to offer a series of horse and pony

considerable excitement in horse circles in

consequence. Officers of the garrison caught the excitement, and vied with the ranchmen and miners, and began looking over their

favorites with a view to capturing the various; bridles, saddles, etc., offered as

One race was to be for American horses

and bronchos. The gait for all horses was

to be a run, under the saddle, over distances

yards, according to whether the contestants

belonged to one or the other of the classes receioned -the longer distance being for the

that Two-Bits could compete with such

steeds as were already entered. I soon found that I had plunged the ambitious fifer into

the depths of despair. For several days he moped about his duties in a silent and dejected manuer, until his evident

misery aroused my compassion. So one morning, after he nad completed the house-work of my quarters, I asked him to remain a few moments, and then referred to the subject, which I knew had full possession of

his thoughts, with the question:
"You do not suppose, Cain, that so old a
horse as Two-Bits would stand any chance in

"He would, jist, sor!" he answered with

emphasis.

"Hut he is very old, Cain. He must be twenty, at the very least."

"Yis, sor, and he grows faster as he grows older, sor."

Evidently there was no use in arguing arrival. Two Bits, with a person so prein-

against Two Bits, with a person so prejudiced as Cain, but I continued:
"Your love for your old favorite, Cain, misleads you as to his capabilities. I know him to be easy and free under the saddle,

and the best horse-I ever rode, but it is not

reasonable to expect him, at his age, to beat young horses, after all the ill-treatment he

has undergone."
"I wish the liftinent would jist give me the thrial of him, that's all. There's not a baste in these parts can bate him."
"But you are not reasonable about this, Cain. Recause Two-Bits won a race five years ago, it does not follow that he can do so now. There is that fine black of King Wooisev's—what possible chance is there

Woolsey's-what possible chance is there

"That's jist it, sor. The consate of that man Woolsey nades a rebute, sor. Two-Bits can give him one, asy. I know the horse, sor, If the liftment will pardon an ould soldier for makin' so bold as to sit up an opinion ag'inst his, I beg lave to remoind him that I have rode the winning horse at miny a race in the ould country and in this, and while I'm free to admit that Two-Bits does not appeal the racin' stock of the could see the could be seen to the seen to the could be seen to the see

does not aquel the racin' stock o' the quality and gintry, no is far beyant anything this

matter, and call again in an hour.'

"Well, Cain, leave me now to consider the

Left alone, I was not long in com-ing to the conclusion that the old soldier should be indulged in his wish to enter Two-Bits for the race. Ac-cordingly, when the fifter returned for my

"I am going to allow you to run him Cain.
I look upon the horse as your discovery. He has cost me literally nothing."

"Thank you, sor, and you'll win the prize,"

"Thank you, sor, and you'll win the prize," said Cain.
"No; I don't care for the prize. I will pay the entrance fee, and if you win the race the prize shall be your own."
When I recalled the many evidences I had had of Two-Bits' speed in pursuit of Indians, and in retreats when the Indians in turn were pursuers, and my life had depended upon his gait and his endurance, I could not but hope he would win.

he would win.

On the day of the race I sat, by no means a calm and disinterested spectator, on a bench near the goal. After the race of ponies, mustangs and broncos, came the principal race—that of American horses. I will

side o' the wather."

decision, I said:

that any horse in Arizona can take the lead That's jist it, sor. The consate of that

Whipple corral, and having built him up to his present beautiful proportions, had once more ridden him to victory. I have related the foregoing incidents in an attempt to interest the reader in the personally of my horse. He is the hero of the story—the men are only accessories. The incident to which all this is a preface must have a chapter by itself.

spare the reader details of the race further than to say that, to the surprise of every-body but Joe Cain, it ended as at Fort Craig. Two-Bits came in with dilated nestrils and blasing eyes, awid the thundering cheers of

bianne eyes, amid the thundering cheers of the soldiers, fully two lengths ahead. Cain led him back to the fort, escorted the whole distance by admiring blue-coats. At the stables Cain sat on an inverted grain meas-ure and toldover for the hundredth time the way the horse received the name of Two-Bits, and how he had discovered the old horse, friendless and broken down, in the Whipple corral and having built him up to

HE RUNS COURTER.

In the fall of the year 1865, the Indian troubles became so serious that only with the greatest difficulty could we maintain our communication with the outside world. Every little while an express-rider would fall to make his apappearance when due, and an expedition sent in search of him often found his body in the road, in some rugged deflie or thick chaparata, atrioped, scalped, and disfigured, the rai, stripped, scalped, and disfigured, the contents of his express pouch scattered for yards around, all letters broken open, and the illustrated papers torn into shreds, while the newspapers were simply thrown aside. The peril became so great in time that single riders could not be hired for the service, and at last only cavalrymen in parties of five were sent on this dangerous duty. Even numbers was not always a protection, as I found once when, sent to look for a missing express, I discovered all the men dead together. On the 20th of October a dispatch was re-

ceived with accompanying instructions that it should be forwarded without delay to Santa Fe. Accordingly, I advertised for an express rider, offering the highest pay al-lowed for the service. The route on the northeast was not considered to be so dang-erous as those fying to the east, south, or west. Still there was no response to my offer, and I began to consider the expedi-ency of asking for a detail from the cavalry, when a proposition came from an unexpected quarter. The man whom I before mentioned as having been wounded during an Indian expedition and brought to the fort on the back of Two-Bits, came into my office, and offered to carry the dispatch, provided I would let him ride Two-Bits.

This man's name was Porter. He was a

The second incident occurred when I was returning from a visit of inspection to a hay camp ten mites from the post. I was riding at a walk along a level road, which was skirted on my left by thick sage-brush. My left foot was out of the stirrup. A sudden shot from cover cut my coat collar and caused the horse to jump suddenly to the right. Having a support on my left, and being taken off my guard, I topped from the saddle and fell to the ground, but fortunately landed on my feet and facing the ambuscade, so I quickly covered the spot with This man's name was Porter. He was a Londonderry Irishman by birth and was now sergeant in the infantry company. Years afterwards we learned that he was of gentle descent, and a graduate of Edinburg university. He was a handsome, soldierly fellow, of refined features, gentlemanly bearing, good height, and undoubted courage. He entered my office, as I before stated, and said he would take the mail to Fort Wingate if I would lend him Two-Bits.

"But Two-Bits is my private property, serbuscade, so I quickly covered the spot with my rifle. Two-Bits did not stir after I fell, and I walked backwards around to his right

"But Two-Bits is my private property, sergeant, and is not subject to such service," I

side, and mounted in reverse of custom, still covering the possible enemy, and rode away, "I know that, sir; but he has many qual-ities which fit him for it." first slowly and then at a run, until beyond rifle-range. Then I saw three Apaches rise from the brush. "Not more than half a dozen other horses Again, when Lieutenant R— and myself with ten men, had been four days in pursuit of a band of Indians that had run off the

in the corral, sergeant."
"No horse has just his qualities, sir. He is especially fitted for dangerous service such as this. He is fleet, he will not whinny nor do anything to attract attention in an Indian country. He will not desert his rider if turned loose, and he will not be stampeded if his rider sleeps while he grazes."
"You seem to have studied his character well."

"Yes, sir, I know Two-Bits very well; but not better than yourseif, or most of the men of the garrison. He is a remarkable horse. He is well drilled and he is very intelligent, He always seems to understand what is expected of him."

"But really, sergeant, I do not like to let him go on such a trip. I fear I should never see him again. The trip would be a tremend-ous strain upon the old horse." "He shall have the tenderest care, sir. I will treat him as he deserves."
"I have no doubt of that, sergeant. He

would be treated well by all of our men. In fact, he is always made a pet of by every one. I will think of it. Call again later." After Sergeant Porter went out, I walked over to the quarters of the commanding officer and told him of the proposition. He at once fell in with the plan and advised me to let the horse go. He said the horse could not be in better hands, and that doubtless he would go through safely, without fatigue, and return to me in a few weeks. He said he would convene a board of officers to ap-praise the horse, so that if he should be lost I could put in a claim for reimbursement. I agreed, and next day the board sat and appraised the value of my five-dollar horse at

nearly \$200 in gold. On the morning of the 25th of October. Sergeant Porter mounted Two-Buts, rode out only, this name being used to distinguish the cavalry horses and those brought from the east, from the mustangs, Texas ponies, of Fort Whipple, amid the hearty good wishes and handshakes of men and officers. He carried a mail pouch weighing twenty pounds, an overcoat and three blankets, a carbine and two revolvers, and six days'

The adventures of horse and rider, after we saw them disappear behind the "red rocks," five miles below the fort, were re-lated to me in 1867, at Fort Sumner, New American horses.

A few days after the conditions of the race were published, Cain proposed that I should enter Two-Bits for the eight hundred yard Mexico, by Porter, who had in the meantime been appointed a lieutenant in the army. I had not seen him since he started on his race, assuring me that if I would do so I was sure to win the prize. But I pooh-poohed the suggestion at once, and even ridiculed Cain for his folly in imagining for a moment

For three days the ride was without inci-dent worth relating. On the fourth he did not leave his stopping-place until 1 o'clock in the afternoon. At 2 o'clock he found him-self on the crest of a range of hills overlooking a plain which extended right and left almost to the horizon, and in front at least twenty miles, to the broken and hilly country beyond. It was level as the surface of a lake. From the edge of the plain stretched the narrow thread of the military road, road down the declivity to the plain beyond being rough and stony, the sergeant dis-mounted and followed his horse, allowing him to pick his way and take his own gait. When he arrived at the foot of the range, he noticed that there lay between him and the plain and parallel to its edge, a long low ridge. He halted in the ravine formed by the ridge and foot hills to tighten girth and readjust his luggage before taking the road over the plain. White engaged in this opera-tion. Porter noticed that, at the point where he stood, the road divided into two; these passed over the ridge a hundred yards apart, descended on the other side, and met again out on the plain. The reason for this divi-sion was that the left hand road had become badly gullied in one of the rare and violent rainfails peculiar to that region, and the wagoners had made a new one to avoid its

roughness.
Finishing the adjustment of the saddle and its attached parcels, the sergeant still postponed remounting, and followed his horse slowly up the ridge, leaving the choice of the rosas to the animal, it being a matter of indifference to a horseman whether the road was guilled or not. Two-Bits took the road was guilled or not. Two-Bits took the left hand road, and moved leisurely up the slope, raising his head high as he approached the crest to look beyond it. Suddenly he stopped and stood perfectly rigid, his ears set forward and his eyes fixed upon some object, evidently in alarm. Porter crept carefully forward and looked beyond the ridge. Behind a mass of granite bowlders which squirted the leit of the other road, four Indian ponies could be seen picketed. four Indian poules could be seen picketed, Evidently their riders were among the rocks watching for the express-rider they had seen descending from the range. They naturally supposed that he would pass along the usually traveled road. Nothing but the accident that Two-Bits took the old road pre-

vented the sergeant from falling into the ambuscade and ending his life there. From the old road the ponies were plainly visible in a nook among the bolders; from the newer road they could not have been seen.

The sergeant backed Two-Bits sufficiently to put him out of sight of the Indians. When

all was ready, Porter patted the old horse affectionately on the neck and said, "Now, old fellow, everything depends upon your legs." Porter always maintained that Two-Bits understood the coming struggle as fully

Bits understood the coming struggle as fully as he did himself.

When all was completed, Porter mounted and rode slowly over the ridge and slowly down the opposite slope. He was anxious that the Indians should not discover him until he should be well beyond the gullies in the road. These he passed safely, and, as he rose to the level ground beyond, be noticed that one of the mustangs in the bowlders was holding his head high, watching his movements. It occurred to the sergeant that to kill a pony would be equal to killing an Indian. He took a cartridge in his palm, so that he could reload without a seconds delay, and, aiming carefully, fired, killing the pony instantly. He reloaded, and as an Indian sprang from cover to see where the shot

came from, be caught the second bullet and fell across the dead yony. Not another Indian showed himself until Porter was well out upon the plain; then he heard the shrill staccato of the Navajo war-whoop, and glancing backward over his shoulder saw three Indians pursuing at the top of their ponies speed. Two-Bits threw himself into the task of running away from the mustangs with all the elasticity and grace that had distinguished him on the race course, and had always led to victory. He settled down to a long and steady pace which promised soon to leave his pursuers far behind. The soldier was beginning to congratulate himself upon his wisdom in insisting on having Two-Bits for his service. With every spring the

dier was beginning to congratulate himself upon his wisdom in insisting on having Two-Bits for his service. With every spring the old horse seemed to be fast widening the distance between the Indians and their intended victim, and this continued for about half a dozen miles, when Porter reluctantly observed that no further change in his favor was evident. In fact, it soon became evident that the Navajos were slowly but surely closing up on him.

This was not at all strange. Two-Bits was an Americanhorse, accustomed in garrison and camp to his twelve pounds of grain daily; a kind of horse that will invariably run down in flesh on a grazing diet. The mustangs lived entirely on grass and grew fat and kept in good condition even when subjected to the ibughest usage. Two-Bits was heavily londed and had tasted no grain for four days: the mustangs were lightly mounted and filled with their accustomed forage. Two-Bits was old and the mustangs were young. The odds were decidedly against the vetoran war-horse; but he kept on with his long, powerful galop, while the Indian ponies came on with a short, quick, tireless clatter which never changed its cadence and threatened to overtake the sergeant before he could gam the shelter of the hills, still many miles away.

The flight and pursuit over the plain had

many tudes away.

The flight and pursuit over the plain had to be confined closely to the road. Outside of the track the vegetation would scriously wound and disable an animal attempting to

wound and disable an animal attempting to go through its spiked obstructions.

At last an arrow flew between Porter's shoulder and ear. Turning in his saddle, he fired, breaking the leading Favajo,s arm and causing him to fall into the road, while his riderless pony stopped by the wayside and began at once to graze. As the sergeant dropped his carbine by his right side to place a new cartridge in the breech, an arriw struck his left hand, his fingers relaxed, and the precious weapon dropped into the road. He could not stop to recover it—it would be ussless with a badly wounded hand—so he plunged wearily on, looking at the broken fingers and flowings. His chance of getting out of this scrape alive seemed desperate indeed. of this scrape alive seemed desperate indeed. With his skill as a marksman, he had all along thought that he could soon pick off all his enemies; but with no carbine and a use-less right hand the chances were much

less right hand the chances were much against him.
Resolving, like a brave man, to die game, Porter hastly bound his bandkerchief about his wounded hand, and drew a revolver in his left. Turning, he fired shot after shot, but without effect except to keep the two Indians hanging over the sides of their horses, until, conceiving a contempt for his inaccurate aim, they sat upright and sent arrow after arrow toward him. The distance was still too great for these primitive missiles to be fully effective. him. The distance was still too great for these primitive missiles to be fully effective, but two pierced his shoulders, and the shafts of three could be seen switching up and down in the quarters of Two-Bits as he galloped wearlly on. A lucky shot caused one of the Indians to rein up suddenly, dismount, and sit down by the roadside. The last Navajo kept on, however, with all the exgerness with which he began the chase apart. Navajo kept on, however, with all the eagerness with which he began the chase, apparently unabated, and soon he wounded Porter
again, and this time along the ribs. In very
desperation, the sergeant then suddenly
turned his horse to the right-about, bore
down quickly upon the Indian pony, and before his rider had time to recover from his
surprise at the unexpected attack he sent his
last remaining what crashing into the brain last remaining shot crashing into the brain of the mustang. The little horse swerved out of the track and fell headlong into a cactus, and before the Indian could extricate himself Two-Bits and his rider had wheeled

and were out of arrow range.

The pursuit was at an end, and it would no doubt be pleasant to the reader of this story doubt be pleasant to the reader of this story of a horse if I could say that the sergeant and Two-Bits swere now safe. But they were very far from it. When well boyond sny chance of pursuit from the last and ponyiess Navajo, Porter slid painfully from his saddle to examine into his own and his horse's injuries. No arrows were left in his own body, but he was badly lacerated and bled profusely, until he was scarcely able to stand. The horse had received seven wounds, and three arrows were still sticking in his and three arrows were still sticking in his flesh. These were not deeply in, and were easily removed; but a long cut along the ribs, from hind to fore quarters, had torn the skin badly and still bled profusely. Porter bound up his own wounds with fair suc-

cess, but he could do nothing for the horse, Neither could he relieve Two-Bits by walk-ing. The horse refused a ration of hard bread offered him, and there remained noth-ing to be done but for the sergeant to drag himself painfully into the saddle and resume his journey. Remounting was not accom-plished without great difficulty, and only by the aid of a date tree which forked, conveniently, two feet from the ground. Speed was now out of the question and the horse simply limped along at a fee-ble walk. The excitement of the chase was over, and the nerves of both man and beast had lost their tension. When the pursuit ended Porter found him.

self near the border of the plain from which the road led up into a rugged and billy country, and it was already growing toward twi light. The miles stretched wearily out, and there seemed no better prospect than to dismount and try to find rest, even though rest for the a horse in a desert country without water might unfit him for further effort, and with-out a horse there is no hope for the man to pass over the long remaining distance to pass over the long remaining distance to Wingate. It was this very hopelessness which caused the soldier to press on in the increasing darkness, putting off a halt which he felt must be final. Still creeping slowly along, he at last surmounted a height overlooking a narrow valley, and on the other side saw a bright fire burning, which occasionally disappeared and reappeared, as if persons were passing before it. The hopes of the soldier were at once revived at the of the soldier were at once revived at the prospect of reaching friends and assistance, but the hopes were as quickly decressed by the fear that the fire might be that of an en-emy,—probably a party of the Navajos, for this was their country. But even a foe might prove to be a friend to one in his

plight, so he pressed on.

Two-Bits was so weak that he hardly more than moved, and hours clapsed before the vailey was crossed and he brought his rider near the fire. He was ascending the hillside on the hillside on which the fire was burning the rattle of halter chairs over feed. when the rattle of halter-chains over feedcame plainly through the evening air, and Porter knew that he was near a government train. With the welcome sound he grew faint and fell from the saddle to the ground senseless. Two-Bits kept on into camp, ap-proached the camp-firs, looked into the faces of the guard which sat about its cheerful blaze, turned, as if to retrace his steps, staggered, fell, and died.

The unexpected appearance of a horse, saddled and bridled, a mail-bag strapped on his back, his saddle covered with blood, his body wounded in half a dozen places, his sudden fall and death, started the whole camp into activity. The military escort was soon under arms, horses and mules were quickly saddled and lanteens were soon burrying down the road. The searchers had not far to go before they came upon the ser-geant, lying apparently lifeless. He was taken into camp, tenderly cared for, and next day taken to Fort Wingate, the place for which the train was bound.

Was Two-Bits left to be food for the coy-otes? No. Sergeant Porter told his story, and the command being of the company stationed at Fort Craig at the time of the first race mentioned in these columns, it was not difficult to find a few sympathetic old soldiers who yielded to the earnest request of the wounded express rider and buried his equine friend and comrade deeply, and heaped a mound of stones over his grave.

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